Breakfast

Newsboys

Hold the milk, put back the sugar
They are powerless to console
We've gathered here to sprinkle ashes
From our late friend's cereal bowl
Breakfast Clubbers, say the motto
That he taught us to repeat
You will lose it in your gym class
If you wait 'til noon to eat
Back when the Chess Club
Said our eggs were soft
Every Monday he'd say grace
And hold our juice aloft
Oh, none of us knew
His checkout time would come so soon
But before his brain stopped waving
He composed this tune
When the toast is burned
And all the milk has turned
And Captain Crunch is waving farewell
When the big one finds you
May this song remind you
That they don't serve breakfast in Hell
Breakfast Clubbers, drop the hankies
Though to some our friend was odd
That day he bought those pine pajamas
His check was good with God
Those here without the Lord
How do you cope?
For this morning we don't mourn
Like those who have no hope
Oh, rise up, Fruit Loop lovers
Sing out sweet and low
With spoons held high
We bid our brother, Cheerio
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